MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

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Selections.

FRANK LEESON.

A singular Tale, founded on fact.

IT ſometimes happens that men, who have made the moſt dangerous deviations from the laws of ſociety, and the principles of virtue, in a great meaſure owe their crimes to the very benevolence of their hearts; and that in the very midſt of all their guilt we find a dignity of ſoul which commands our higheſt admiration.

FRANK LEESON, was the ſon of a country gentleman in Ireland, who poſſeſſed a little eſtate of about three hundred pounds a year, but who, with that liberality of ſentiment ſo purticularly the characteriſtic of his nation, gave into a hoſpitality rather beyond the power of his circumſtances, and in promoting the happineſs of his friends, too frequently forgot a neceſſary attention to his own; the conſequence may be eaſily foreſeen by the intelligent reader: old Mr. Leeſon was involved in perpetual difficulties, and was upon the eve of being thrown into priſon, when he was ſaved from a diſgrace of that nature by the extraordinary piety of his ſon; Frank, to a very excellent underſtanding, joined a very amiable perſon; on which account, a young lady with an independent fortune of 8000l. had long beheld him with a favorable eye; but Frank being attached to another, whoſe beauty and merit were her only recommendations, had hitherto declined to profit by this lady's partiality; however, when he ſaw there was no other method of ſaving an infirm father and mother from poverty and bondage, the force of his filial affection got the better of his love; and he married the eight thouſand pounds: With this money, he paid off all the old gentleman's debts, and entered the world with a degree of reputation, conſiderably ſuperior to the generality of his acquaintance.

As nothing could ſeparate Frank and his father, the old couple and the young lived for ſometime in the moſt perfect ſtate of harmony under the ſame roof; and the ſeverity of their former ſituation producing a neceſſary regulation in their expences, they were every day riſing no leſs in opulence than in felicity, when an unexpected misfortune left them in the moment of their utmoſt ſecurity, without ſhelter and without bread: Old Mr. Leeſon finding his health very much impaired, and conceiving a diſguſt at the part in which he reſided, becauſe his friends had not formerly been ſo ready to aſſiſt him in his neceſſities, as he had reaſon to expect; reſolved, with the concurrence of his ſon, to diſpoſe of his eſtate, and to make an adequate purchaſe in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where he might have an opportunity of conſulting the beſt phyſicians, and eſtabliſhing a more agreeable circle of acquaintance. Purſuant to this plan, he ſold off every acre he poſſeſſed, had the purchaſe money home in bills, and was preparing to ſet off for another part of the kingdom in a day or two, when an accidental fire reduced his habitation to a heap of aſhes, deſtroyed all his effects, and gave him ſcarcely a moment more than was abſolutely neceſſary for the preſervation of his family; Frank, whoſe whole property was alſo in bills, and packed up ready for the intended departure, loſt all in the general calamity, and was obliged, together with his father, his mother, and his wife, to take refuge at a neighbouring gentleman's for a few days, till they were in a capacity for reaching the metropolis, where Frank expected, from ſome letters which he obtained to the Lord Lieutenant, to procure a little eſtabliſhment either in the army or the public offices.

On the arrival of our unfortunate family in town, young Mr. Leeſon applied himſelf induſtriouſly to profit by his recommendations; but alas, although he met with civility, he could obtain no relief; every freſh application gave him nothing but freſh occaſion to lament the miſerable proſpect before him; and while he was continually cheering every boſom at home with the ſpeedy expectation of halcyon days, he had nothing but deſpair in his own. At length deſtruction became too evident to be concealed; his father who was now confined to his bed, had been a whole day without ſuſtenance, and young Mrs. Leeſon, was every hour trembling, leſt the pains of parturiency ſhould oblige her to ſolicit the charitable aſſiſtance of the public; thus ſituated, torn with a thouſand pangs, for a wife who poſſeſſed his higheſt eſteem; for a father whom he almoſt worſhipped, and a mother whom he tenderly loved; Frank ſallied out one evening into the ſtreets, and ſtopped a gentleman whoſe appearance indicated opulence, he demanded his money with ſuch a wildneſs of accent, that the gentleman, terrified out of his wits, immediately gave him a purſe of fifty guineas, and Frank eagerly retreated to his lodgings, depoſited the money with his father, telling him he had received it from the Lord Lieutenant's order, as an earneſt only of future obligations; the family at home not doubting the truth of this relation, poured out their whole ſouls in acknowledgment of the viceroy's goodneſs, and once more refreſhed themſelves with a comfortable repaſt.

Next morning, however, the robbery became noiſed abroad, and to the great ſurpriſe of every body, a merchant of the firſt character and fortune was apprehended and lodged in Newgate; on the earlieſt knowledge of this circumſtance, Frank immediately wrote to the innocent gentleman, deſiring him to be under no apprehenſion, for if he was not honorably acquitted, the perſon actually guilty, would, on the day of trial, appear in court, acknowledge his crime, and ſurrender himſelf to the violated laws of his country; the gentleman naturally read the letter to every body, but though ſuch as were his friends, talked of it as a moſt extraordinary affair, the generality of people conſidered it as a deſpicable artifice, calculated to impoſe on the credulity of the public. However, the day of trial at laſt came; and notwithſtanding ſeveral perſonages of the higheſt figure, proved him a man remarkably nice in his principles, and opulent in his circumſtances; the proſecutor was ſo poſitive in his charge, and a number of circumſtances ſo ſurpriſingly concurred, that he was actually convicted; and the judge proceeding to ſentence, when a loud noiſe of MAKE WAY ran through the court, and young Mr. Leeſon, with a manly, yet modeſt countenance, ruſhing forward, demanded to be heard, and ſpoke to this effect:

"You ſee before you, my Lord, an

unhappy young man who once little thought of violating the laws of his country, and who wished rather to be the friend, than the enemy of society; but, who knows to what he may be urged in the hour of piercing calamity; to what he may be wrought, when destitute of friends, and destitute of bread? I, my Lord, was born a gentleman, and bred one; six months ago I was master of an easy fortune, but an accidental fire in a moment reduced me to beggary, and what still more distressed me, placed an infirm and excellent father, an aged and tender mother, together with the best of women and the best of wives, in the same lamentable situation. Encouraged by some recommendations to the great, we came up to town, and expected a decent means of procuring a subsistence; but alas, my Lord, those who want compassion most, are those who are most commonly disregarded; instead of assistance, we received compliments, and met with the bow of a frigid politeness, where we looked for the bounteous hand of relief; so that in a little time, our all was totally exhausted; and my unhappy father, with the venerable partner of his youth, were above a day without any sustenance whatsoever; when, unable to see them expiring for food, I rushed forth, and committed the robbery, for which this gentleman, now prisoner at the bar, has been condemned.

"This was not the whole of my affliction—a fond deserving wife, who had brought me a plentiful fortune, lay also perishing with hunger, and that too, in a situation which demanded the tendereſt attention, and the most immediate regard; such, my Lord, were my motives for that unjustifiable action. Had the gentleman condemned been happily acquitted, I had not made this public acknowledgment of my guilt: Heaven only knows what I have suffered during his confinement; but the empire of the universe would not bribe me to injure him farther; nor tempt me, by an infamous sacrifice of his life, to consult the safety of my own. Here then, my Lord, I claim his sentence, and demand his bonds. Providence will, I doubt not, now take care of my innocent family, who are equally ignorant, of my crime, and my self-accusation. For my own part, I am resigned; and I feel nothing in consequence of my approaching fate, but from what I am sensible my miserable friends must suffer on my account."

Here Mr. Leeson ended, and the whole court was lost in approbation and tears—He was, however, condemned, but pardoned the same day; and his character suffered so little upon the occasion, that the Lord Lieutenant gave him, with his life, a place of seven hundred pounds a year; while the merchant, who had been accused from resembling him excessively, dying sometime after without issue, left him his whole fortune, as a reward for so exemplary an act of justice and generosity.

PETER THE GREAT, AND THE DUTCH SKIPPER.

The house, or rather the cottage, in which Peter the Great resided during the foundation of Petersburg, a city which is the growth of little more than a century, stands on the left of the Emperor's bridge in the road to the fortress. This little building, so sacred to the Russians, was covered over by a brick building of arcades by the late Empress, to protect and support it against the ravages of time. The rooms are three, all upon the ground floor, and very low: it was in this very cottage that a whimsical scene occurred whilst the fortress was building.

A Dutch Skipper, hearing that Petersburg was building, and that the Emperor had a great passion for ships and commerce, resolved to try his fortune there, and accordingly arrived with the first merchant vessel that ever sailed upon the Neva, and was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the captain of the port, from a friend of his in Holland, requesting him to use his interest to procure a freight for him. Peter the Great was working like a common laborer in the Admiralty as the Galliot passed, and saluted with two or three small guns. The Emperor was uncommonly delighted, and having been informed of the Dutchman's business, he resolved to have some frolic with him, and accordingly ordered the port captain to see the skipper as soon as he landed, and direct him to the Emperor, as a merchant just settled there, whom he intended to personate; the better to carry on the joke, Peter repaired to this cottage with his Empress, who, to humor the plan, dressed herself in a plain bourgeois habit, such as suited the wife of a merchant. The Dutchman was introduced to the Emperor, who received him with great kindness, and ate bread and cheese, and smoked together for some time, during which the Dutchman's eye examined the room, and began to think that no one who lived in so mean a place, could be of any service to him: presently the Empress entered, when the skipper addressed her, by observing that he had brought her a cheese, a much better one than she had ever tasted, for which, affecting an awkward manner, she thanked him. Being much pleased with her appearance, he took from his coat a piece of linen, and begged her acceptance of it for shifts. 'Oh!' exclaimed the Emperor, taking the pipe from his mouth, 'Kate you will now be as fine and as proud as an Empress! there, you are a lucky woman, you never had such shifts as you will now have, in your life before.' This was followed by the stranger begging to have a kiss, which she coyly indulged him in. At this moment Prince Menzikof, the favorite minister of Peter the Great, who represented him upon matters of state, entered with all his orders, and stood before the Emperor uncovered. The skipper began to stare with amazement, whilst Peter, by winking and making private signs, induced the Prince immediately to retire. The astonished Dutchman said, 'Why you appear to have great acquaintance here!' 'Yes,' replied Peter, 'and so may you, if you stay here but ten days: there are plenty of such needy noblemen, as the one you saw, they are always in debt, and very glad to borrow money of any one, and they have even found out me; but, sir, beware of these fellows, resist their importunity, however flattering, and do not be dazzled by their stars and garters, and such trumpery.' This explanatory advice put the stranger a little more at his ease, who drank and smoked on very cheerfully, and made his bargain with the *Imperial Merchant* for a cargo; just as he had settled this point to his wish, the officer of the guard, which had been changed, entered to receive his orders, and stood with profound respect uncovered, and before Peter could stop him, addressed him by the title of Imperial Majesty. The Dutchman sprang from his chair, fell on his knees before the Emperor and Empress, and implored forgiveness for the liberties he had been taking. Peter enjoyed the scene, and laughed heartily, raised up the terrified suppliant, and made him kiss the Empress' hand, presented him with fifteen hundred rubles, gave him a freight, and ordered that his vessel, as long as her timbers remained together, should be permitted to enter all the Russian ports free of duty. This privilege made the rapid fortune of the owner.

ON SECRECY.

It is recorded by Quintus Curtius, that the Persians always conceived a lasting and invincible contempt of a man who had violated the laws of secrecy; for they tho't that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requisite to actual excellence, the negative virtues, at least, were always in his power, and though perhaps he could not speak well if he was to try, it was still easy for him not to speak.

In this opinion of the easiness of secrecy, they seem to have considered it as opposed, not to treachery, but loquacity, and to have considered the man, whom they thus censured, not frightened by menaces to reveal or bribed by promises to betray, but incited by the mere pleasure of talking, or some other motive equally trivial, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew slip from him, only for want of power to retain it.

A TURKISH STORY.

LELIA paſſed for one of the handſomeſt girls in Damaſcus, Scanbade had not the leaſt pretenſions to beauty, but ſhe was infinitely more witty than Lelia. Her father, who was an Arabian phyſician, had taught her to read; ſhe could make verſes, and ſing like a fairy. Gemil was a young Arabian, rich and of a noble family. The Damaſcans ſaid, the pretty Lelia ſhould be the wife of the rich Gamil. Scanbade, piqued at the frequent repetition of this mortifying ſpeech, made the following ſong: "Blind and ſuperficial mortal, thinkeſt thou to find the ſatisfaction of thy heart in the delight of thine eyes, or, that a momentary gratification is to be put in competition with a durable ſyſtem of happineſs? Inſenſible man, open the eyes of thy ſoul, and make a choice worthy of thy judgment. The beauty that ſo enchants thee, is but the morning flower, which in the evening fading, thou wilt caſt it away. Quit the flowery gardens of Damaſcus, and ſeek the happy plains of Arabia; the plants it produces will ſtand the teſt of time, and by proper keeping, ſend forth an odour more ſweet and lively than that of the morning. Time, the rapid deſtroyer of beauty and flowers, perfects and embelliſhes wit, ſenſe, and benevolence."

This ſong found its way to Gemil. He was ſtruck with the beauty of it, and the truths it conveyed. Peace was a ſtranger to his boſom until Scanbade became united to him for life. After a long courſe of years ſpent together in uninterrupted enjoyment, the marriage of Gemil and Scanbade was quoted as a pattern of fidelity and happineſs.

Abdalmelech, who then reigned in Damaſcus, being prompted by curioſity to viſit this renowned pair, was aſtoniſhed when he perceived the difference in their external appearance, for Gemil was handſome and of a lovely mien. The Prince himſelf, being a tolerable poet, addreſſed Scanbade in the following verſes:

"What traces of beauty has Gemil diſcovered in your perſon, that he ſhould ſelect you from all the beauties of the city, to be his wife, and the ſole object of his affections? On the contrary, can any thing be more the reverſe of beauty, both in form and features, than yourſelf? Is not your figure ſo thin as to be ſcarcely palpable, and your complexion more like that of a tawney African than the fair Damaſcan?"

Scanbade, ſtung to the heart by this rude declamation, replied to him directly with that freedom of ſentiment which might be expected from an offended woman of her ſenſibility and addreſs:

"What merit did the people of the earth diſcover in you, that you above all others was choſen to reign over them? They have been deceived, for he alone is worthy the eſteem of mankind who poſſeſſes an unſpotted ſoul, like the diamond, whoſe brilliancy is not clouded with any ſpeck."

The Caliph, ſtruck by an anſwer ſo complete with ſpirit and propriety, charmed likewiſe with her underſtanding and the poignancy of her wit, preſented her with a magnificent robe, and ſent her huſband back loaded with preſents.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

WHEN Dr. Franklin, printed a newſpaper in Philadelphia, a perſon brought a piece which he deſired might be publiſhed. The Doctor requeſted him to leave it till the next day, when he would give him an anſwer. He accordingly returned at the time appointed, and received the following anſwer from Franklin: "He had," he ſaid, "peruſed the piece, and found it to be ſcurrilous and defamatory. To determine whether he ſhould publiſh it or not, he had gone home in the evening, purchaſed a two-penny loaf at the baker's, and with water from the pump, had made a ſupper of it. He then wrapped himſelf up in his great coat, laid himſelf on the floor, and ſlept ſoundly till morning; when on another loaf, and mug of water, he breakfaſted, and felt no inconvenience whatever from this regimen. Finding he could live in this manner, he had formed a determination never to proſtitute his preſs to the purpoſes of *corruption* and *abuſe*, for the ſake of gaining a more comfortable ſubſiſtence.

MAN'S IMPERFECTION.

No man was ever ſo completely ſkilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience; inſomuch that we find ourſelves really ignorant of what we thought we underſtood, and ſee cauſe to reject what we fancied our trueſt intereſt.

MORAL SENTENCES.

THREE littles make a man rich on a ſudden; little WIT, little SHAME, and little HONESTY.

It is much better to be thought a fool, than to be a knave.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in ſome kind; honeſty gives him a good report; juſtice, eſtimation; prudence, reſpect; courteſy and munificence, univerſal affection; temperance confers on him health of body; and fortitude, ſuch a ſteady and quiet mind, as not to be moved whatever happens.

The world is truly compared to a Stage-Play, becauſe there is ſo much diſſimulation in it, wherein, like players, moſt perſons act the part of others, and not their own.

Original Communication.

"Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind."

For the Merrimack Magazine.

ON VICE.

"Vice is a monſter of ſuch hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace."

VICE, like a tyrant, erects her throne in the heart of man, and baniſhes virtue from her peaceful manſion: like an uſurper, who ſways the iron rod of deſpotiſm, and involves nations in ruin; ſhe corrupts the ſentiments and poiſons the mind of man; virtuous ſentiments are by her driven into exile, or forced to ſubmit to her tyrannical laws; like a deceiver, ſhe makes her attacks in different ways, and aſſumes an appearance that may pleaſe the caprice or gratify the paſſions of mankind; ſhe ſhows riches to be deſirable, and points to diſhoneſty as the moſt eaſy way to obtain them. Luxuries, and every ſpecies of diſſipation, are by her eſteemed pleaſures, and ſhewn to her votaries as the road to happineſs. Popularity is held up to view, and diſſimulation, as the way to greatneſs. Envy, ſhe ſays, is honorable; while malicious ſlanders make haſte to do her will. She points to revenge, as recompence, and the inſtruments of death, as pleaſing to get ſatisfaction for trivial offences. In this manner ſhe impoſes upon the unwary, and enſlaves the paſſions of her votaries; her courtiers are many, and captivated by the deluſive flattery that flows from her lips: *But let not thine heart incline to her ways; go not in her paths; for she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her; her paths are the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.*

EUGENES.

Editors' Notices.

EUPHIA's production ſhall appear in our next number.

The receipt of AMANDA's elegant ſelections, we acknowledge with thanks.

Maid's Soliloquy in our next.

Married,

In Portſmouth, Mr. *William Badger*, to Miſs *Abigail Plaisted*.

Died,

In this town, Mrs. *Phebe Swain*, æt. 26, conſort of Mr. Levi Swain.

In Hubbardſton, *Edw. A. Selfridge*, A. B. æt. 20, Student at Law. His fancy was brilliant, his underſtanding vigorous, and his acquirements extenſive.

DROWNED]--On Thurſday evening, at Plumb-Iſland, Mr. *John Clark*, æt. 22.

For the Merrimack Magazine.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

By inserting the following, copied from the Newyork Morning Chronicle, in the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet, you will oblige

LAURA.

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

THE gentle power of sleep has clos'd thine eyes,
Thy bright blue eyes, & she sweet goddess Health
Has cull'd her choicest roses to adorn
Thine infant cheek. High swells thy mother's heart,
Sweet boy! to see how liberal of her gifts
Nature has been to thee—for thy fair form
Is that of infant Cupid—such as oft
The poet and the painter's fair designs
Deem fit attendants on the queen of love.
Such are thy outward graces—be thy soul
But suited to thy form, of bliss I ask
No greater share. Oh! that thy heart may be
Gen'rous and nobly proud, disdaining still
Each servile art, yet scorning arrogance,
Courteous and kind; in friendship and in love
Enthusiastic—prompt, at pity's call,
To succour the distress'd, yet dignified
With fortitude to bear thy own misfortunes:
For thou, alas! must bear the common lot
Of human nature; though thy mother's heart
Bleeds at the tho't of what may be thy portion.
Oh! could her prayers, her wishes fond, avail,
Pure and unclouded, should the brilliant sun
Of happiness illume thy path, unceasing:
Thy life should pass as one delicious dream,
Till, gently yielding to the sleep of death,
Thou should'st awake again to joys immortal.
Oh! these are lovely visions—fit to soothe
A mother's heart, but never known in life!
Sorrow and disappointment's baleful cypress,
With some few blushing buds of joy, entwin'd,
Make up the chequer'd wreath of human life;
Though twin'd among them, hope, with lively verdure,
Relieves the sick'ning eye, tir'd of the prevalence
Of dark and gloomy shades.
But, though fair happiness is seldom found,
Thy mother's sanguine heart dares hope, for thee,
A fate uncommon; yet, in hoping, fears,
Lest some of the dire train of ills that wait
On human steps, should claim thee for a victim:
Some pale and lingering disease deprive thee
Of the bright bloom of health, or passion, too,
Too far indulg'd, should taint thy spotless soul.
And much I fear the gloomy tyrant, Death,
That pallid king of shades should rob me of thee;
Of nature quite regardless, which reserves
The filial hands to close the parent's eyes.
But hence, foreboding fears! I cannot bear
To think that grief should reach me in that form--
And see, he wakes, and every cloud's dispers'd
Before the lustre of his laughing eye.
Sweet babe! ah, may thy bosom ever feel
Such sweet content as I experience, when
I clasp thee to my heart; nor envy those
Who shine in all the pomp of state and wealth.

For the Merrimack Magazine.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IF the following selection (from a London paper) is worth a place in your entertaining Magazine, its insertion will oblige a CONSTANT READER.

DICK STRYPE:
OR, THE FORCE OF HABIT.

HABITS are stubborn things,
And by the time a man is turn'd of forty,
His ruling passion's grown so haughty,
There is no clipping of its wings.
The truth will best be shewn,
By a familiar instance of our own.

DICK STRYPE
Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe;
He us'd to say, one pipe of Kirkman's best,
Gave life a zest.
To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapour,
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume,
Clothe all the room,
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
So still he smok'd, & drank, & crack'd his joke;
And had he single tarried,
He might have smok'd, & still grown old in smoke;
But RICHARD married.

His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice:
And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scour'd from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubb'd so bright,
You dar'd not walk upright,
For fear of sliding:
But that she took a pride in.
Of all things else REBECCA STRYPE
Could least endure a pipe.
She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains & the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then she quoted our King James, who saith,
"Tobacco is the Devil's breath."
When wives *will* govern husbands *must* obey:
For many a day
DICK mourn'd & miss'd his favorite tobacco,
And curs'd REBECCA.
At length the day approach'd, his wife must die:
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens.
The undertaker's men and mutes,
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks.
Now cakes and wine were handed round,
Folks sigh and drink, and drink and sigh,
For grief makes people dry:
But DICK is missing, no where to be found.
Above, below, about,
They search'd the house throughout,
Each hole and secret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In ev'ry corner, cupboard, nook and shelf,
And all concluded he had hang'd himself.
At last they found him; reader, guess you where?
'Twill make you stare—
Perch'd on REBECCA's coffin, at his rest,
Smoaking a pipe of—KIRKMAN'S BEST.

THE POWER OF TIME.

By Swift.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, (said a Welch divine,)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

THE MORNING DREAM;

Suggested by a similar circumstance which occurred to a Gentleman in Virginia.

ON a flowery bank reclining,
O'er my head the roses twining,
Carelessly I laid.
At my feet a fountain playing,
Gentle Zephyrs round me straying,
Wanton in the shade.

Apple-trees and peaches blooming,
Sassafras the air perfuming,
Wildly round me grew:
Sugar maples gently waving,
Willows in the fountain laving,
Gratified my view.

Green tobacco tufted growing,
Indigo carnation'd blowing,
At a distance spread:
Birds of various plumage singing,
Bees on honey'd blossoms winging,
Humm'd around my head.

Prone upon the verdure sinking,
Sleep reliev'd the task of thinking,
When before my sight,
Blushing Laura, sweetly smiling,
Deck'd with every grace beguiling,
Stood array'd in white.

Maiden fairest, said I, sighing,
All these smiles bespeak complying,
On my bosom rest;
Time on pinion'd down is fleeting;
Is thy heart responsive beating,
Genial to my breast?

Speak, I cried, her shadow pressing,
Mutual love is mutual blessing!
When I smarting wake;
Round my anguish'd arm was twining,
Rich in burnish'd armour shining,
Flashing fire, a snake.

Pleasure thus forever cheating,
Now advancing, now retreating,
Mocks the eager hold:
Virtue, modesty adorning,
Like this vision of the morning,
Checks the rude and bold.

FACTORY YARN,
From No. 10 *to* 30,
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